

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1851.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE CASE OF SIMS.

On Friday morning, G. T. Curtis, Esq., U. S. Commissioner, pronounced his decision in the case of Thomas Sims, overruling the constitutional objections to the Fugitive Slave Law, and to the judicial functions of the Commissioners of the U. S. Courts. The opinion was a very elaborate one, and the great point, that the duties imposed on Commissioners by the act of 1850 are judicial, and that therefore the act was unconstitutional, was the most discussed and variously illustrated by Mr. Curtis.

The evidence that Thomas Sims, the slave of James Potter, had escaped, he held to be sufficiently proved, and he held it to be further established, by the additional testimony produced, that the party now in custody was that said Thomas Sims; and therefore he should grant the certificate prescribed by the statute, authorizing the owner or his agent (whose power of attorney, attested by a notary, was complete in all its parts) to take him back to Georgia. The certificate was accordingly granted, and delivered to the Marshal.

On Thursday forenoon, the counsel of Sims applied to Judge Sprague, of the U. S. Circuit and District Court, for a writ of habeas corpus on his behalf, because the U. S. Marshal Devereux held against him a criminal warrant for an assault on officer Butman, but refused to bring him before a Commissioner for examination. From the statements made by them, the Judge concluded that there was no legal ground for the writ.

In the evening, some of the same counsel appeared before Judge Woodbury, of the Circuit Court, and made an application to him for a writ of habeas corpus, based upon the affidavit of Sims, as follows: I, Thomas Sims, of Savannah, in Georgia, now confined in Boston, on oath testify and say, that I believe the warrant from Commissioner Hallett, under which I am now arrested, was not issued for the real purpose of having me tried, but for the fraudulent purpose of assisting the Marshal in sending me to Georgia as a fugitive from service, and preventing me from obtaining a jury trial in regard to the claim which I make to my freedom. I believe the said warrant to be a trick against my freedom.

THOMAS SIMS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Suffolk ss., April 10th, 1851.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, S. E. SEWALL, Justice of the Peace.

Charles Sumner, R. H. Dana, Jr., and S. E. Sewall, appeared for Sims.

The writ was issued, and, shortly after, Marshal Devereux brought Sims into court, and made a return that he held him under two warrants—first, under a warrant from Commissioner Curtis, of April 4th, as a fugitive; and second, under a warrant from Commissioner Hallett, of April 7th, for an assault, with intent to kill, on A. O. Butman, an officer of the United States.

Messrs. Sumner and R. H. Dana now demanded further time, maintaining that the return of the Marshal was insufficient, and did not embrace answers to all the matters set forth in the writ.

After considerable explanation and conversation, the Judge granted a postponement till 8 o'clock on Friday afternoon, at which time the hearing was had in the U. S. Court-Room, Messrs. Sumner, Rantoul and Sewall appearing for Sims, in support of the writ, and B. R. Curtis, Esq., for Marshal Devereux.

The Marshal made a further return upon the writ, that he held Sims upon the petition of the agent, who had received the Commissioner's certificate, the petition setting forth that the agent apprehended a rescue.

Mr. Sumner asserted the belief that the proceedings against Sims were intended for a mere cover, by which he was to be kept in the custody of the U. S. Marshal, against a warrant under the laws of Massachusetts, for an assault on Butman. The right of the State to enforce her criminal laws against a fugitive slave was higher than the right of an owner to recover his slave; the criminal process being in the name of the State, and therefore superior to any civil process, of whatever name or nature. Hence a counter criminal process, in the name of the United States, had been resorted to, with the object of retaining Sims, against the State of Massachusetts, until he should have been carried beyond the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, by virtue of the Commissioner's certificate that he was the slave of James Potter, of Georgia. This, he maintained, was a fraudulent use of the criminal process of the United States, and vitiated it.

Mr. Sumner moved that the Judge should examine Sims on the complaint, or admit him to bail upon it. Judge Woodbury overruled all Mr. Sumner's points. He said it was not for him to interfere with the District Attorney in relation to the complaint for the assault. The law vested in that officer a large discretion in relation to prosecutions, and it was not for him to direct that officer to abandon the prosecution against Sims, or to proceed with it. In conclusion, his honor said he saw no legal cause for ordering the prisoner to be discharged from the criminal warrant, and he therefore ordered him to be remanded to the custody of the Marshal, to be kept by him in the same manner and for the same purposes that he had held him before the issuing of the writ of habeas corpus.

The Marshal now took Sims back to the room in the Court House which he had occupied ever since his arrest.

Before the commencement of this hearing, Mr. Sewall made another attempt to take out a writ of personal privilege, and requested Judge Woodbury to appoint an officer to serve it upon Marshal Devereux, but the Judge refused to entertain the motion.

The following is the writ of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Woodbury in the case of Sims:

United States of America—District Court.

To Charles Devereux, Jr., Esq., Marshal of said District: We command you that the body of Thomas Sims, now confined in Boston in said district, laborer, imprisoned by you in the Court House in said Boston, as it is said, by a certain warrant, a copy of which is annexed, together with the day and the cause of your taking and detaining him by any such warrant, and by whatever name the said Thomas shall be called or charged therein, you have, before me, Levi Woodbury, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court for the United States of America, at the Court House in said Boston, immediately after the receipt of this writ, to do, and receive what I shall then and there consider concerning the said Thomas in this behalf, and have thereon this writ.

Witness my hand and seal, at Boston, 10th day of April, 1851.

(Signed) LEVI WOODBURY, Associate Justice of Supreme Court of U. S.

On Friday afternoon, the fugitive Sims was according to adjournment, brought before Judge Woodbury, in chamber, and the prayer of the petitioner supported by arguments from Mr. Sumner and Mr. Sewall. The arguments were presented on the same ground as taken before his honor on Thursday evening, and at the conclusion, Judge Woodbury proceeded with the following decision, refusing to give a discharge.

His honor said there were two kinds of warrants—of arrest and of commitment—included in the cases cited by counsel for the prisoner. Warrants of arrest on mere process and warrants of commitment on final process; also some cases of search warrants which are entirely distinct things.

The Constitution only requires that warrants of arrest should be founded on complaints made under oath. They should set out some offense, but the reasons are to be found in the complaint. The complaint is similar to the declaration of the king's bench practice

in England, and is a distinct paper from the warrant of arrest. The warrant in this case not only recites that an offense has been committed, but it refers to the complaint also. Here is enough to justify the Marshal; but in making his return on the writ of habeas corpus, he also brings in a copy of the complaint itself. After giving a most critical investigation to this complaint, there appeared cause enough to give jurisdiction to the Commissioner, and that the warrant was duly issued.

This complaint sets out an offense of the most heinous and aggravated character. The offense was the resisting of an officer, and the United States must sustain those officers in the issue of proper process, or cease to exist as a government. The general government cannot move on and protect the people, unless they enforce this law. The prisoner had resisted even so far as to attempt to kill, and in the vagaries of the times, he had perhaps been instigated to this. He ought to have sympathy for this, but must be punished.

His honor admitted and insisted that no process of law was to be issued for oppression. Even if the officer became censurable for improper delay, the warrant by no means becomes void. But the prisoner was at this time held by other warrants as well as this. He had issued the writ of habeas corpus, that he might legally show if the Marshal had not another pretext in existence. This delay had not caused this man's imprisonment a single hour.

There was a great consideration at the bottom of all these cases quoted by opposite counsel. In all but one, the party was held on a single pretext, and there was no public cause for not going before a magistrate. This man had been constantly on trial in another important case.

His honor was now asked to go into a hearing on the assault and battery—and this at his chambers also. He should be willing to do it if no magistrate could be found.

He had no right to grant bail before the return of the officer to the Commissioner who grants the warrant. He would give caution to all interested—prudent as they have shown themselves.

His honor, after further comment on the points presented in the case, declared that he should have to remand the prisoner to the custody of the Marshal, as he had not found sufficient reason to discharge him. The prisoner was therefore taken to his place of confinement.

The result of this protracted and painful trial is graphically stated in the following sketch of a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, which we copy from the Commonwealth of Saturday. Such a week Boston has never passed through in her history—certainly not since the revolutionary struggle—so humiliating, so disgraceful, so appalling. But, though the victim has been dragged back to bondage, it will prove a disastrous triumph to the Slave Power, and mightily serve to augment and extend that popular agitation which alone is needed to effect the utter overthrow of the slave system. We may be defeated, but our principles never.

THE VICTIM HAS BEEN SACRIFICED.

Thomas Sims was taken from his prison room in the Court House a few minutes before five o'clock this morning, under the direction of Marshal Tukey, and marched through Court square, Court and State streets, to the head of Long Wharf, in the center of a *hulking square*, *ACORN*, CAPT. HENRY COOMBS, of Barnstable, Master, and is now on his way to Georgia, and the auction-block of slavery! MAYOR BIGELOW COMPOSED A PART OF THE ESCORT! As early as 1-2 past 3 o'clock, Marshal Tukey began to collect the men who were to aid him in transporting Massachusetts, and downing a young man—a free citizen of Massachusetts—into slavery.

The instant Sims touched the deck of the vessel, the living jig was hoisted, and the paddles of the tug steamed Horset, which had been fastened to the brig, in waiting, with steam up, for two hours, began to move, and at just one minute past 5 o'clock, the man-stealing craft was gliding down the stream with her victim, amid the hisses and shouts of shame, from the few lovers of Liberty on the wharf. The whole proceeding was too cowardly to be undertaken under the pale beams of the moon, and so the leader of the work waited until her silver light faded behind the western hills, and then marched, with stately steps, his shameful band over the sacred ground consecrated to Liberty, and sealed by the blood of our Revolutionary Fathers. Some twenty of Marshal Tukey's posse accompanied the alleged fugitive down the harbor, probably to return in the steamer. The Police were armed with U. S. sabres. The only person who witnessed this disgraceful indignity to the soil of Massachusetts, with a few exceptions, were about one hundred of the true and tried members of the Vigilance Committee.

The slave-guard was drilled for an hour and a half before the final move to the vessel. Sims was brought out of the eastern main entrance of the Prison Court House, under the escort of some fifteen men, headed by Marshal Tukey, and marched to the centre of the square mass.

As he descended the steps of the Boston barroom, his shaggy cheeks were bathed in tears, and although he evinced the deepest grief and sorrow, he marched with a firm and manly step, like a martyr and a hero, to his fate. The only demonstration made by the spectators, as the procession passed, were frequent cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" and "Liberty!" "Is this Massachusetts and Boston?" "Is that Charleston and Bunker Hill?"

Sims was not ironed, but was within the close embrace of two officers.

Just as Sims reached the deck of the vessel, a man standing upon the wharf cried out, "Sims! march liberty to the slaves!" The unfortunate youth was immediately conveyed below, where CEPIAS I. AMES, the first mate, was to be executed his fiendish work, expressed to us on board of that same vessel, one week since.

As the Acorn left the wharf, the vigilant lovers of freedom, who had watched during the night, gathered together, and listened in solemn silence to the following prayer, by the Rev. David Foster, an Orthodox clergyman of Concord:

"Almighty God! Thou seest this poor man, one of thy children, brought to it to be made and not to hope but in Thee. That hope is still unshaken. Thy promises endure forever. And now we beseech Thee to show Thy power and love in blessing this man, who, carried by force to the land of bondage, has been rescued by the power of Thy word, to awaken a love of justice and liberty, that shall end in the speedy overthrow of the accursed system which now causes millions of bleeding hearts."

In mercy, heavenly Father, do Thou destroy the wicked power which rules us. Give us righteous men to administer just laws. Forgive the wickedness of our rulers, and lead them to true and lasting repentance. Pity the wretched man who now goes in fetters over the waves. Pity and bless his brethren in chains. Hasten the day when all men shall be free. And thine shall be the glory, Amen!"

The friends of Sims then sang, with solemn effect: "O! there'll be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ!"

The moral of this mournful scene was given with a cheerful spirit by Dr. Bowditch. The Missionary Hymn—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"—was then sung, after which the assembly moved up the wharf and street, singing as they went.

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

Passing on the spot in State street where Attacks fell, the members of the Vigilance Committee resolved to meet at once at the Anti-Slavery Office. Here arrangements were made for various meetings; an impressive prayer was made; the well known verse was read—

"God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can utter our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid."

The words, "Repeat, repeat, repeat," were then sung, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." It was recommended that these be repeated at every Fugitive Meeting until the bill is repealed, or becomes a dead letter.

TO THE CITIZENS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The Committee of Vigilance of Boston, at a meeting at half past 5 this morning, passed a resolution, respectfully asking the people of Massachusetts to tell the bells in the several towns, as the intelligence reaches them of the return of a fugitive slave from this Commonwealth.

In the capture and dragging away of poor Sims to Georgia, the depravity of the daily press of Boston has been exhibited in the most revolting manner. Take the following as a sample from the Mail:

Saturday afternoon was a scene of jollity and amusement on board the Acorn, while at anchor. One of the branch pilots produced a set of castanets, furnished by Sims, and several breakdances were danced by Sims, the fugitive, pilot Thomas Dolliver, and watchman Daniel Cloutman, (son of O. C.) Sims was in high glee. At the request of the company, he sang, "O, carry me back to old Virginia," to the music of the castanets, in a style that elicited the most tumultuous applause.

A young man, a passenger in the brig, brought out a musical instrument on which he was an adept, and added to the general enjoyment of all on board. Sims appeared in no way adverse to proceeding on his pleasant Southern voyage, in such excellent company. (111)

Gen. Devereux, U. S. Marshal, came up to the city on Saturday evening, arriving at the wharf about one o'clock Sunday A. M., in company with Messrs. S. Kimball, Alfred Sleeper, Wm. B. Tanton, Gustavus G. W. Allen and W. K. Jones, and watchmen Alvin Tukey, Daniel Cloutman, and George Clark. Jones had taken his luggage on board, with a view to accompanying the prisoner, but finally concluded to return.

The following named persons proceeded on the voyage with Sims, to deliver him up at Savannah, on the part of the U. S. Government, viz: Deputy U. S. Marshals John H. Riley and F. D. Byrnes, Thomas Dolliver, branch pilot, and special policemen, Messrs. True and Simpson Clark.

The crew of the Acorn consists of Capt. Coombs, two mates, and seven or eight men.

FINAL DEPARTURE OF THE BRIG ACORN.—At about eleven o'clock on Saturday night, the wind, which had been before from the East, changed to the North West, when the brig Acorn weighed anchor and proceeded to sea from Nantasket Roads. She was accompanied a few miles by the pilot boat Friend, having the U. S. Marshal on board, he having been induced to go down again by intimations that a rescue might be attempted. He returned at three o'clock on Sunday morning. In the afternoon of Saturday, Constable Lawton went down in a sail boat for the purpose of re-arresting Cephas I. Ames, the mate of the brig M. & J. C. Gilmore, for an assault upon Sims when discovered on board that vessel, but returned, not having been able to find the Acorn. The Post says:

"When Capt. Coombs, of the Acorn, was informed that an attempt might be made to take Sims out of his vessel, he made the necessary dispositions for defence, and addressed the crew, who unanimously responded that they would stand by him."

The U. S. Marshal's force which had gone to Savannah with Sims, consists of John H. Riley, Deputy Marshal, Frederick D. Byrnes, James Sawin, Simpson Clark, George J. Coudelle, all of this city, and W. O. Russell of New Bedford, employed under the section of the law which authorizes the Marshal to furnish assistance to the claimant of an alleged slave in case there is apprehension of a rescue."

MEETING OF THE SENATORIAL COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION.

A meeting of the Committee of Investigation on the order introduced into the Senate by Mr. Robinson, was held in the Senate Chamber on Friday morning.

The Sheriff of Suffolk appeared, with S. D. Parker, Esq., State Attorney for Suffolk, Mayor Bigelow, United States Marshal, Hon. Rufus Choate, Marshal Tukey, and others.

The Sheriff was the first witness. He testified that a writ of replevin, and also a criminal writ, had been put into the hands of himself or his Deputies. In reference to the serving of these writs, he called upon the Governor, and he referred him to the District Attorney for advice. The reply of the District Attorney and also of the Attorney General were put in.

Deputy Sheriff Coburn was the next witness. A writ of *de homine replegiendo* on U. S. Marshal Devereux had been placed in his hands, and on serving it, the Marshal wished to consult counsel, and on a second interview, the Marshal positively refused to surrender his prisoner. He afterwards asked to see the prisoner, that he might take him according to the writ, and the Marshal told him that if he attempted to take him, he should interpose force sufficient to retain possession, and no more. Another writ had been placed in his hands, empowering him to take Sims from the custody of the Marshal, under an alleged penal charge. On calling on the Marshal, the latter had informed him that there had been a similar warrant previously issued by the United States authorities, which of course entitled him to hold the prisoner in precedence of the Circuit Court warrant.

The next morning, the Marshal gave as his final answer to the Circuit Court warrant, a positive and decided refusal to surrender the prisoner.

Richard Hildreth was sworn, and testified to issuing a criminal process against Thomas Sims; also one against Cephas I. Ames, mate of the ship in which Sims came, for an assault.

Mayor Bigelow testified, that being apprehensive of a disturbance of the peace, he had ordered the officers of the light infantry regiment to have a portion of their troops in readiness to sustain the officers of the law in preserving the peace of the city. To the question, whether any officer of the city, when not strictly under the exigencies of the city, should violate a law of the Commonwealth, he should not take cognizance thereof, Mayor Bigelow replied—"That with due respect to the Committee, he did not consider himself bound to say what he should do, or not do, in supposable cases."

At this stage of the proceedings, the Committee adjourned to 3 o'clock, P. M.

Marshal Tukey called again and sworn. Testified that he had been acting in the case of Sims under a written order of the Mayor and Aldermen; he interpreted those orders to mean any thing which would protect the peace of the city, or prevent bloodshed. He caused the chairs to be put around the Court-House, but his orders did not exclude any person entering who had business with the courts; spectators and idlers had been excluded. No police officer was under U. S. pay. He judged that the U. S. officers could not have made the arrest from their previous bungling work; bloodshed would have followed. He construed the order he had received to mean, that if, in his opinion, he could save bloodshed, he should accompany Sims to the State line.

George T. Curtis was called, and testified to some legal points.

Officer O. A. Butman, Charles Devereux and Benjamin F. Hallett were called, but did not answer.

Rev. Mr. Higginson, of Newburyport, testified to a conversation with Marshal Tukey, in which he asked the Marshal if it was his business to help carry Sims away, and the reply was, No, but it was his business to help the U. S. Marshal to keep the peace. He then added of his own accord: "I know that I am violating the State law as well as you know it—but I am not responsible; I am acting under orders, and it is the Mayor and Aldermen who are responsible."

Mr. E. W. Jackson, of Chelsea, testified that he could not get into the Court-House without a permit.

H. A. Bancroft, of Groton, was called, and testified to the same effect.

Dr. Wm. F. Channing, of Boston, testified to various facts, but principally to a conversation with Marshal Tukey, in which the Marshal said that the work he had in hand would be done.

He then asked him, "Are you not aware that this is contrary to the statute of this Commonwealth?" He said to me—"I know no statute of the Commonwealth—I know no order but the orders of the Mayor and Aldermen." He said that he acted according to his orders—if his orders were the other way, he would act that way.

[We are obliged to defer the report of the examination of B. F. Hallett and others at the various meetings of the Committee.]

What! Daniel Webster, the "goliath," the "defender of the Constitution," the savior of our glorious Union," excluded from Faneuil Hall, as a dangerous disturber of the peace! So it appears by the following pregnant article from the Courier of Wednesday morning—

RECEPTION OF MR. WEBSTER IN BOSTON. The citizens of Boston have been for some days in expectation of witnessing a public reception of Mr. Webster, by the people of this city. In Faneuil Hall, on Monday evening, the Mayor and Aldermen went into secret session, for the purpose of acting on the following petition—

To the Honorable Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Boston:

The undersigned respectfully ask the use of Faneuil Hall, on the 17th day of April, 1851, for the purpose of a public reception of the Honorable Daniel Webster, and to consult on the public good.

Signed by George G. Smith, and over 100 other substantial citizens, of both political parties.

After some proceedings had taken place in private, the doors were opened, and the following action on the part of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting on the 17th instant:

Resolved, That in view of the recent action of this Board upon other similar applications, and of the present excited state of the public mind, it is inexpedient to grant the use of the Hall for the purpose asked for.

The vote on the adoption of the resolution stood as follows: Yeas—Aldermen Briggs, Clark, Grant, Rogers and Smith. It was not necessary for Mr. Mayor to vote, but it is understood that he declared himself strongly against the resolution.

Yesterday afternoon, in consequence of the general excitement occasioned by this, the Mayor and Aldermen met again in secret session, and a proposal was made to reconsider the resolution. The discussion which followed was very animated, and it resulted in a two hour debate, the question was taken, and, after a vote, it was decided to reconsider the resolution.

The Mayor, Aldermen Briggs, Rogers and Smith—A. Against reconsidering—Aldermen Briggs, Clark, Grant and Munroe—4. The vote being a tie, the original resolution stands. Mr. Moses Kimball was present, but would not vote. We do not learn the reasons of his abstention.

The public are entirely at a loss to understand this extraordinary behavior of the four Aldermen who have thus disappointed the general expectation, and place themselves in opposition to the wishes of a vast majority of the inhabitants of this city. We leave the matter without any further comment.

The Great Apostate may well exclaim, "Call you this backing your friend?" and in his perplexity ask, "Where shall I go?" Moved to pity in view of his exclusion, some of the anti-slavery friends magnanimously sent to the Mayor and Aldermen the following petition—

To the Hon. the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen of Boston:

Gentlemen—The undersigned, while they commend the recent action of your board in refusing the use of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting, to the Free Soil citizens of this city and Commonwealth, would respectfully petition that the resolution refusing the use of said building upon the petition of Mr. George G. Smith et al., for a public meeting of the citizens, passed yesterday by your honorable body, may be reconsidered; and that they be left to stand upon their own merits, and not be the result of a mere prejudice; and that if there is any danger that the proposed meeting will be disturbed by reason of the present excited state of the public mind, the undersigned would be happy to assist the officers of the city in securing the utmost freedom of speech, and the quiet and good order of the city.

W. Jewett, Edward Winslow, E. W. Jackson, Theodore Parker, John B. Hayes, S. P. Hanscom, Charles Lest, Robt. F. Wallcut,

In addition to this, the following gentlemen appeared in the Commonwealth on Wednesday. Mr. Hayes, it will be recollected, is one of those who was arrested on the charge of having aided in the rescue of Shadrach—

A CARD.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MR. WEBSTER. Gentlemen—As the city fathers have seen fit to exclude you from the Old Court of Liberty, from the use of your votes, permit me to say, that there is a Town of Liberty, at your service, at a reasonable charge, and not only so, but you may rest assured that order shall be preserved in it, and neither high law men, Free Soilers, Free Democrats, or Scott Whigs shall be allowed to interrupt your proceedings, or molest your orator.

JOSEPH K. HAYES, Superintendent of Tremont Temple.

RIGHTLY ASHAMED OF HIS NAME. The following scene took place in the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Tuesday last:

Mr. Curtis of W. Brookfield, presented the following petition, which at his request was read, the House granting leave by vote.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled—

The petition of Daniel Webster Gilbert, of West Brookfield, humbly sheweth, that the circumstances of bearing so illustrious a name has ever been a source of mortification to him, to which feeling he now adds an added detestation of the course in which a public life that man out of respect for whom the name by which he has heretofore been known.

Your petitioner therefore prays that he may be allowed to take the name of De Witt Gilbert, thereby retaining the initials by which he is generally known.

D. W. GILBERT.

Boston, April 8th, 1851.

Upon the question of reading the petition, Mr. Gardner of Boston made objection, and asked if the subject was debatable.

Mr. Keith of Roxbury moved that the prayer of the petition be granted.

Mr. Kimball of Boston, wished to know if it was in order to debate the question.

The speaker said it was, if the question was considered strictly to the matter of reference.

Mr. Kimball said he supposed the reference, because the name of the petitioner was the subject of consideration strictly by the House. They were requested to take, in the name of De Witt, which was suggested to take, in the name of De Witt, which was suggested by several members that the name of the person was De Wolfe. He would then suggest to let him go on in his own way. The person named in the petition was changed perhaps did not desiring to have his name changed perhaps did not know the fact, and it was proper that the information should be given him, lest he should find he had taken a more objectionable name.

Mr. Bartlett of Boston objected to the reception of the petition, in which persons were allowed to express their opinions on the merits of distinguished individuals in the State, whether they were in the language of degrading or of exalting epithets. He hoped to withdraw before that the petitioner would have leave to withdraw his petition.

The speaker said the motion might be made, if the motion before the House should be negative.

Mr. Curtis of W. Brookfield said the petitioner was a respectable and intelligent young man, Wages in politics.

Mr. Fuller of Boston, saw no reason why the prayer of the petition should not be granted. He supposed the petitioner knew the appropriateness of the name he wished to assume, (De Witt), which in Latin name signifies without wit.

Mr. Gleason of Worcester moved the previous question, which was sustained.

The petition was ordered to be referred, by a vote of 137 to 107.

THE KNELL OF LIBERTY. The bells of the Orthodox, Methodist, and Universalist Churches at Waltham, were tolled on Saturday, when the news of the capture of the fugitive slave, and the bell of the Christian Church, being eloped with cotton, were tolled.

In Newton Upper Falls the church bells were tolled on Saturday in remembrance of Sims.

The town bell of Plymouth was also tolled on receipt of the humiliating news.

Our friends who do not keep files of the Liberator will confer an obligation upon us, by forwarding to us last week's paper—i. e., the paper for April 11th, 1851.

strength the cotton-producing States now occupy. Extending over only a small area of territory which you can cover on the map with your hand, they raise a pile which clothes, more or less, a great part of the world; while there are Brazil, Egypt, India and regions of unknown vastness in Africa, to all which, nearly all which, the plant is indigenous. Evidently, then, by the success of the cotton trade, and by an extension of cultivation, the mastery of Cotton will soon be achieved; and then, *then*, how will those men appear, historically, who are willing to trample upon human rights, and to send men, women and children, into all the horrors of Southern bondage, for the temporary profits which cotton can bestow?

I rejoice that this reference to the demoralizing power of interest gives me an opportunity to bestow well deserved honor and praise upon a class of men who have withstood its temptations. Not every man engaged in manufactures or in commerce has yielded to the seductions of this tempter. There are many noble exceptions. I have in my mind one of my own constituents, largely interested in the fabric, who told me last summer that half its spindles were lying idle, and property that should have yielded income was incurring cost; but, said he, "do you see them all stop, and the mills decay and go down stream, before you vote for that Compromise? Another of my constituents told me he was largely interested in three ships, then, and now, and that he would see them all sink to its bottom, before he would disgrace the country by passing the Fugitive Slave Bill. These are but samples of that noble spirit which was expressed with such Spartan nobility and vigor by Bowen and McNamee, of New York, when the foul panders to Southern slavery threatened them with a loss of custom: said they, "We sell silks, and not principles!"

How these declarations contrast with what a manufacturer in a neighboring county is reported to have said, that if he could work his mills any cheaper with slave labor than with free, he would employ slaves! Or what, as I am credibly informed, another has said—"The South is a slave to raise cotton to sell, we want slaves to raise cotton to manufacture; therefore, we must unite with the South to uphold slavery!" Now, I believe these things to have been said; but it is of no consequence whether they were said or not; we know they have been said. Every man who upholds this Fugitive Slave Law acts them, whatever his language may be.

The Compromise was forced through, partly by governmental interference, and partly by the delusive hope of a tariff. An appeal is now made in behalf of the Fugitive Slave Law, to the same mercenary motives. It is said, if opposition be made to this law, however legal or constitutional such opposition may be, we shall lose Southern custom. These and infamous appeals are made to the greed of the staff of the Tories of the Revolution. Even if this appeal were true, it would be one that no honorable man could bear without indignation. But it is not true. The South must have their goods from somewhere, and our industrious artisans will make them, wherever the go-between may be. Will the South go bare-headed and unkilted because they cannot have a law to catch slave laborers, another has said—"The South will abandon their stolid habits, be industrious, manufacture for themselves. I wish they would. It would be most fortunate for us. They would then have the means of buying more from the North, and paying us better for what they do buy. Instead of spending only the money which the slaves earn, and which

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For the Liberator.

LINES

On the occasion of the Hon. Daniel Webster's Visit to New England.

Thou beaming star, how hast thou set in darkness!
Thy light departed, and thy glory gone!
Shorn of thy rays, disrobed of all thy brightness,
Hid in the clouds thou hast around thee drawn!

Is this the man whose title was 'The Godlike'?
The foe of tyrants?—he whose voice went forth
Belling in thunder-tones amid the nation?
Is this the glorious statesman of the North?

Is this the man who saw that Shaft uprising
From Bunker's battle-ground, and point to heaven,
And, standing there, extolled the gods of battles,
Who had to trampled freedom given?

Weep, weep! Alas! how hath the mighty fallen!
The precious gold is lustrous and dim;
Mighty thou wast, like the bright Sun of Morning;
Fearful thy fall, for thou hast fallen like him—

To rise no more. The faded bird of story
Up from its ashes soars again to light;
But thou has blighted all thy fame and glory—
Thy sun's last rays have set in endless night.

Thou seest now thy home; Oh! haste thou hither,
To look upon the ruin thou hast wrought;
See where in dust all thy proud laurels wither—
Weep tears of blood that thou with gold wert bought.

Lo! yonder shameful sight that waits before thee!
Behold the chain around thy Temple thrown,
While that proud pile where Liberty was cradled
Is dumb; and this fell work is all thine own!

Come hither, thou who once was Freedom's glory;
Come hither, thou once Liberty's fair son;
To former greatness, say, what can restore thee?
Ah! not that blood-stained gold which thou hast won.

Come hither, thou whose name, once proudly spoken,
Now brings a blush to every freeman's face,
From Justice's Temple did chains break broken,
And bear them with thee to that sacred place.

Where thou didst stand, and bless the God of heaven
For men whose blood had dyed the oppressor's steel,
And with thy hand, before the indignant nation,
Bind them around the shaft on Bunker's hill.

Then tear from that false brow the withered fane,
That erst was thine, and cast it far from thee,
And kneel, thou recreant, on yon hill of battle,
In shame, where sleep the glorious and the free.

Weep, fallen man! on those green graves where
Sleepest
Beneath thy feet, the mighty and the brave,
And angel voices then shall say we weepeth,
And God in mercy even thine canst save.

LUCY CECILIA HAMILTON.

From Burritt's Christian Citizen.

A MELODY OF SADNESS.

DEAR SIR: The enclosed simple, touching and beautiful song, I take pleasure in sending to your paper, thinking it possible you may not all have met with it.

I understand it has been published, with the music, for some months past; but owing to the influence of the 'blessed' institution over the press, the circulation has been so limited, that I believe some sale has been effected of the plates, in an Eastern publisher. Of this I cannot speak with certainty. But if the 'ballads' of a country have more to do in forming the habits of the people than its 'laws,' you may think it advisable to open this spring, for the healing of the nation.

LEE-RA-LOO.

POOR SAMBO'S LAST PLANTATION MELODY.

They say this is a pleasant place,
That heaven has graciously been
To Sambo, Cuffy, and to Grace,
And Sue, our coal-black queen.

We do not doubt that Heaven is kind,
We're thankful for its good;
But man has broken all its laws,
And turned its sun to blood.

REFRAIN.

And while we sing our lee-ra-loo,
The heart declares our words untrue,
And sorrow clouds our lee-ra-loo!

O lee-ra-loo!

CHORUS.—REFRAIN REPEATED.
And lee-ra-loo—and lee-ra-loo—
Though mass laughs at lee-ra-loo,
The heart is sad—Oh! lee-ra-loo,
The heart is sad—Oh! lee-ra-loo!

O lee-ra-loo!

Rich fruits and flowers the earth adorn;
The streams with silver run;
The gold and amber of the morn
Surround the glorious sun.

But me! I feel the touch of woe;
My Sue and babes I mourn;
For sold! to distant fields I go,
Ah! never to return.

REFRAIN.

And should I sing the lee-ra-loo,
My tears would say, 'Remember Sue,'
To her and all—a long adieu!

O lee-ra-loo!

CHORUS.
And lee-ra-loo—and lee-ra-loo—
Though mass laughs at lee-ra-loo,
The heart is sad—Oh! lee-ra-loo,
The heart is sad—Oh! lee-ra-loo!

Oh! lee-ra-loo!

And when I see, at silent night,
The stars like glow-worms shine,
And heaven and earth look sparkling bright,
No clouds in view but mine—

I think that heaven could ne'er design,
(So pure its light appears),
To give to earth such woes as mine—
Such bondage, stripes, and tears.

REFRAIN.

And when I sing the lee-ra-loo,
The lash—the lash is in my view,
And saddens all my lee-ra-loo!

My lee-ra-loo!

CHORUS.
And lee-ra-loo—and lee-ra-loo—
Though mass laughs at lee-ra-loo,
The heart is sad—Oh! lee-ra-loo,
The heart is sad—Oh! lee-ra-loo!

IV.
The birds are free through air to roam,
The fishes through the sea—
The wild bee murmurs to its home,
All—all are glad but me!

The lightning dances in the clouds,
The winds of heaven are free;
All beings sing their praise aloud;
All—all rejoice but me!

REFRAIN.

Then sing no more the lee-ra-loo,
Till freedom rises to the view;
My heart weeps blood—Oh! lee-ra-loo!

Oh! lee-ra-loo!

CHORUS TO REFRAIN.
And lee-ra-loo—and lee-ra-loo—
A long adieu to lee-ra-loo—
No more I sing my lee-ra-loo,
My lee-ra-loo!

My lee-ra-loo!

The Liberator.

MIDDLESEX CO. A. S. SOCIETY.

The Middlesex County A. S. Society held its Annual Meeting at Concord, Thursday, April 3d, in the Orthodox Church. On account of the unfavorable state of the weather in the morning, there was no organized meeting in the forenoon. At 2 o'clock, there being a goodly number assembled, the meeting was called to order by the President, and a short, comprehensive, and heartfelt prayer was offered by Mr. Foster, the pastor, through whose influence the house was opened to the Convention. Some very appropriate remarks were made by the President, Mr. Whiting, in relation to our duty as citizens of the free States in regard to slavery, and particularly the Fugitive Slave Bill.

A Committee, consisting of Mrs. M. M. Brooks, of Concord, J. G. Dodge, of W. Cambridge, and Andrew Wellington, of Lexington, was chosen to select a list of officers for the ensuing year, who, in due time, reported the old list, with the exception of Miss Sophia Throu, in place of our deceased sister, H. G. Smith:—

President—WILLIAM WHITING, Concord.
Vice Presidents—WOODMAN C. CUREHEAD, W. Cambridge; WILLIAM A. WHITE, Watertown.

Recording Secretary—LEVI D. SMITH, Stoneham.
Executive Committee—R. Lake, Jr., Stoneham; Horatio W. Foster, Lowell; Sophia Throu, Concord; M. M. Brooks, do.; A. J. Fuller, Cambridge; J. G. Dodge, W. Cambridge.

Speeches were made by Messrs. Quincy and Buffum, which it must suffice to say were characteristic of the good sense, sound reason, clear heads and benevolent hearts of these men.

Wendell Phillips offered the following resolutions, and advocated their adoption in a speech like himself, the eloquence of which it is vain for me to attempt any description:—

Resolved, That we confess to a prejudice in favor of justice to the outraged and mercy to the oppressed; and that no interests, however valuable, no voice, however eloquent, shall ever induce us to yield up these honest prejudices, to join in trampling on the weak, in cementing a Union in the blood of the slave.

Resolved, That in regard to the recently enacted Fugitive Slave Law, our minds are made up. Let those prove it unconstitutional who choose; constitutional or unconstitutional, we mean to disobey it. Let the knaves who made it repeal it when they can, we shall trample it, now and for ever, utterly under our feet.

Mr. Dodge made some remarks in connection with a motion to raise a financial committee, which consisted of Messrs. A. Wellington and G. W. Symonds, of Lexington; who took collections through the house to defray the expenses of the Convention, and aid the Massachusetts Society.

Rev. Mr. Foster, of Concord, made a thrilling speech, well worthy the head and heart of a Christian minister. He evidently feels that he must meet his fugitive brother at the bar of God, and he is willing to suffer the odium which is so profusely cast around the path of an abolitionist, for the sake of being an honest man. God give him strength and manly courage to sustain his perilous position!

Rev. Mr. Frost, the Unitarian clergyman of Concord, made some pertinent remarks relative to the inhuman prejudice against color which exists in the hearts of the people of the free States, as having no foundation in truth, and exhibiting a hostility and disbelief in the principles of Christianity.

A vote of thanks to the Society worshipping here was voted unanimously, for allowing the free use of their house to the Convention, when an adjournment was made to 7 o'clock, at the vestry of the Unitarian Church, to enjoy a festival prepared by the ladies of Concord for the occasion; for particulars of which read the following account, by Miss Whiting.

LEVI D. SMITH, Rec. Sec.

We are kindly permitted to publish the following private letter to a friend, written by one of the young ladies present at the entertainment.

CONCORD, April 6, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND:—I regret exceedingly that the pressure of professional duties prevented your presence at our festival. Never was Tea Party arranged under more uncertainties. We had to work out an equation with three unknown quantities; and what was hardest, to wait a month for the result. These quantities were, first, the state of public feeling towards our enterprise, a knowledge of which would enable us to calculate the number of guests to be expected; second, the amount of provisions which would be contributed by those who had not, hitherto, aided our efforts; and lastly, the kind of weather we should have on the eventful evening. The only known quantity was *faith*, and with that we worked out a triumphant result.

The morning of April 3d was not very promising, as you remember, but gradually the clouds parted, and at last the sun shone out and gladdened many an anxious heart. Meanwhile, busy hands and swift feet were engaged in preparing the tables for the evening. In the afternoon, the doors of the Orthodox meeting house were opened, for the first time, for the use of an anti-slavery meeting. How spacious, and airy and lofty it seemed, in comparison with the half buried, ill-ventilated vestry to which we have been limited for these many years. I leave you to imagine. But higher and broader, like the overarching heaven itself, seemed the spirit of that man by whose voice and influence alone its portals opened to receive us. Long may he remain, a Foster-father to his people, and a pillar of strength to the town, till he draw around him an impregnable phalanx of the true-hearted!

The meeting was addressed by the speakers expected from Boston, and by others from our own and neighboring towns. The logical clearness of Quincy, the great-heartedness of Buffum, and the magical, electric eloquence of Phillips, could not fail to make a deep and abiding impression. A faithful report of these speeches should be made, for the benefit of all who were unable to hear them. But it is time to go to the Tea Party. Arrived at the door, instead of the usual aspect of a lecture room, we beheld long tables spread, luxuriously arranged, and laden with a variety of tea-table luxuries, and at least a hundred people seated by them, while the buzz of merry voices reminded one of a hive of bees in swarming time. Soon the two hundred and twenty seats were filled, while many waited, suppers for a vacancy. Swift-footed Hebes brought delicious, smoking tea and coffee, and the flow of 'almighty talk' swept on in restless current. And here let me give one hearty hurrah! (the Anti-Slavery Tea-Table! Here, in the humble recognition of the physical needs of humanity, we acknowledge our social ties; and while smiles and words of good will and affection draw us together, a magnetic chain binds us, which forms the readiest and swiftest conductor for the lightning of true eloquence. If anti-slavery women earnestly desire to influence people who have hitherto remained passive, let them make these parties in every town throughout the State. A half dozen can set the ball in motion, and many a hand will afterwards help to roll it onward. But to proceed. Suppose three quarters of an hour or more to have passed in the merriest way, while the tinkling of cups and spoons played the part of cymbals and castanets to the soprano sallys and laughter of the women, and the thorough-bass responses of more powerful 'organs.' Rap, rap, rap, was heard, and all eyes were turned towards an elevated table, where stood Edmund Quincy, the natural and elected King of the Feast. With a dignity and grace pecu-

liar to himself, he called the attention of the meeting to one of its legitimate objects, and introduced Wendell Phillips.

If you suppose that I shall attempt a description of his speech, you will be disappointed. I should be sure to make a failure. The secret of true eloquence is, that it takes you off your feet, out of the region of self-consciousness, to an elevation where the sky is higher and the horizon wider; and when you are set down, you can give no satisfactory account of your journey, but you know that henceforth you will stand on a higher plain, and walk forward with a stronger step and a more fearless heart. Wendell Phillips, whose name has been, in this town, by the majority of the people, honored with the epithet of agitator, firebrand, and similar appellatives, for the first time spoke to the ear and heart of the people, and, true to itself and to humanity, it responded to the call—as earnest eyes and burning cheeks and breathless attention fully testified. Henceforth, Whig conservatism will talk to less credulous ears. The people here will look into this matter for themselves.

Speeches followed from Lewis Hayden, Mr. Buffum and Mr. Thomas Russell. All the sermons in Christendom could not send conviction home to the heart with more power than the simple, earnest statement of Mr. Hayden, himself a fugitive slave, and under bail for supposed aid to Shadrach, and in daily peril of being kidnapped, with his wife and child. It seems as if the shriek which at that moment rang through the streets of Boston from the victim in the gripe of the slave-hunter, must have echoed through the chambers of his soul, and striven to find vent in his earnest, heart-rending tones. Then, while his words were still ringing in our ears, Mr. Russell responded to the call of the President in a forcible and eloquent speech, for which, alas, I must again refer you to the printed report. Mr. Buffum, owing to indisposition, was unable to make a response which was satisfactory to himself, but his fine, benevolent face, spoke eloquently in behalf of suffering humanity.

But how shall I convey to you an idea of the genial humor that formed the cement in which was embedded these fine musings; of the sallies of wit which flashed from the throne, and were answered back with telegraphic despatch; of the little, good speeches, and the strong, strong one of our noble Foster; of the heavy response with which our honored and respected Foster identified himself at once and for ever with the good cause? To all these contributions of sympathy and encouragement was added a letter of Mr. Emerson to one of our ladies, expressing regret that he was obliged to be absent from this Liberty Meeting. Therein is contained proof enough, if any were needed, to repel a quondam assertion that he is an imitator of Goethe or Carlyle. For the former never raised his voice, in the trying hour, in behalf of the liberties of the country, and the latter is known to be nearly, if not quite dead, with ossification of the heart, as far as the misfortunes of one portion of the human race can effect it. But this letter separates the good and the wicked of this generation and nation with a sword as keen and relentless as that of the Angel in Paradise. This cool, philosophical Rhamanthus dismisses the hosts to their different circles in his Inferno. Who occupies the lowest depth of these infamous depths, those known full well who have heard him express his unconquerable, mortal aversion to see the face, even, of that fallen Angel!

I must not close this letter, long as it is, without telling you that Walden Pond, and Sleepy Hollow, and the Cliffs, and every hill and valley in our neighborhood, sent us a message through the heart and pen of our woodland poet, William Ellery Channing, which bade us remember that we trod on consecrated soil, which still held in its bosom the remains of beloved children, whose life-blood flowed that we might be, to-day, a free and happy nation. Not unheeded shall be the voice of exhortation and encouragement, so reverently heard and faithfully transmitted to us. And now, why tarry we longer? It is after eleven o'clock. People are retiring. The President begins to look a little anxious to dissolve the meeting. The last words are spoken, and with mutual congratulations on past enjoyments, and anticipations for another and larger gathering on April 3d, 1852, we wend our joyful way homeward.

[We have been kindly furnished with the letter of Mr. Emerson, referred to above:—]

NEW YORK, 18th March, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND:—I had more reasons than one to regret leaving home at this time, and, if my present engagements were not of two seasons' standing, I should have made every effort to relieve myself. For your Liberty meeting, I think it has a certain importance just now; and, really, at this moment, it seems imperative that every lover of human rights should, in every manner, singly or socially, in private and in public, by voice and by pen—and, first of all, by substantial help and hospitality to the slave, and defending him against his hunters—enter his protest for humanity against the detestable statute of the last Congress. I find it a subject of conversation in all cars and steamboats, and every where distributing society into two classes, according to the moral feasibility of individuals on one part, and their habitual docility to party leading on the other. I do not know how the majority of to-day will be found to decide. Sometimes people of natural probity and affection are so warped by the habit of party, and show themselves so unexpectedly callous and inhuman, that it seems we must wait for the Almighty to create a new generation, a little more keenly alive to moral impressions, before any improvement in institutions can be looked for. But, as far as I have observed, there is, on all great questions, a tide or undulation in the public mind—a series of actions and reactions. The momentary interest carries it to day; but, presently, the advocates of the liberal principle are victorious—and the more entirely, because they have persisted unshaken under every evil report. And, as justice alone satisfies every body, they are sure to prevail at last.

If the world has any reason in it, it is forever safe and successful to urge the cause of love and right. I know it is very needless to say this to you, and others like you, who cannot, if they would, help serving the truth, though all the world be gone to worship Mammon. But it is the only answer I know how to make to our mathematical compatriots. So, wishing you a day of happy thoughts and sympathies on Thursday, I remain,

Yours respectfully and gratefully,

R. W. EMERSON.

ONTO, March 19, 1851.

DEAR GARRISON:—Has the future ever been resigned to you with the distinctness of present reality? So it has been with me for some time. The future history of this Republic has been impressed on my mind with living and fearful precision. Sleeping and waking, it has been before my mental eye for two years. I have lived amid scenes yet to be enacted in this nation, and have experienced the deep emotions which those scenes are destined to feel who are to be the actors in those scenes. I have hardly dared to give utterance to the record of the future touching this Republic, as it is inscribed on my spiritual being, as an ever-living, ever-present fact. I have struggled to throw off these distressing forebodings, but I cannot. They have entered into my soul, and become elements of constant thought and feeling. I do not any more wish to get rid of them. They give vitality and energy to my feelings and actions as an abolitionist. I cannot, I would not, if I could, close that history of the future. On the contrary, I wish to read from it a few pages in the care of American slaveholders.

A PROPHECIC WARNING TO AMERICAN SLAVEHOLDERS.

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I am moved, inspired to say to them, THIS UNION SHALL BE DISSOLVED! It was formed, avowedly, to establish justice, and secure the blessings of liberty; but from its inception to the present hour, it has been the perpetrator and patron of injustice and slavery. The first false step was the admission of slaveholders to an equal participation in its management. As voters and office-holders, they are entitled to all the privileges of membership. Then, not content with admitting them on terms of equality, the non-slaveholders consented that they might have power in the confederacy in proportion to the number of human beings whom they could reduce to slavery. Also, that they would not protect, but would help to return their slaves, if they ran away. And also, while the Union was based on the doctrine that 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God,' the Confederacy entered into solemn written compact, sanctioned by an oath, that they would shoot the slaves if they resisted the slaveholders. Here, then, is a governmental organization, calling God to witness its intention to extend equal protection to liberty and slavery—to justice and injustice—to truth and falsehood—to good and evil—to commerce in cattle and goods, and to traffic in the bodies and souls of men. It places thieves, robbers, adulterers and pirates on an equal footing with pure, true, just, and honest men. Can such a Union stand? No matter by whom, or for what purpose it was founded, it shall be dashed in pieces, and consumed forever. Why do not slaveholders and their allies see in the component elements and foundation principles of this confederacy its certain overthrow? God hath separated slavery and liberty; and that political confederacy whose object it is to unite them, shall be broken. It is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, and shall be blotted out. Preparatory to the downfall of this republic, several events shall transpire. The national religious combinations shall be broken up. This most desirable object is already being accomplished in reference to the three leading sects, i. e., the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian. As national parties, their doom is sealed. The God of the oppressed has pronounced on them the sentence of death, and it is about to be executed. Each of them shall be rent asunder, and slavery be the dividing line. Throughout the non-slave States, slaveholders shall be excluded from church-fellowship. There shall exist Northern and Southern, as well as non-slaveholding and slaveholding Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian organizations. The smaller national sects must follow the same track. All Christian fellowship between the North and South shall be dissolved—all religious ties be broken. There is but one alternative before the Northern branches of these national religious parties; their religion, their worship, their God, must become objects of contempt and loathing to all without the pale of their communion, and to all sincere, honest and pious spirits within it; or slaveholders must be excluded from their religious fellowship. They must stamp slaveholders as the most criminal of all earth's criminals, and treat them as they treat robbers, murderers and pirates, or themselves consent to wear the brand of 'A BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES.' The former shall come to pass. Southern slaveholders shall be regarded and treated by Northern religious bodies as they now regard and treat horse-thieves, highway robbers, and assassins. Many leading minds among the clergy, and multitudes of the single-hearted lay members of the churches, are beginning to see that Christianity must, in name, as well as in fact, be dissociated from slavery, or it must itself be rejected, at least in name, by the growing humanity of the age. Humanity, against slavery, shall triumph over all religious predilections and combinations in favor of it, and also over all that is called God. Also, the national political parties shall be dissolved. This desirable event, if it does not precede, must succeed the dissolution of the religious combinations. It may precede, since, as facts have shown, it has been easier to induce men to break off their political than their religious connection with slaveholders. As politicians, members of political organizations, men have shown more willingness to renounce allegiance with the South, than as religionists, or members of churches. They are less attached to the great American system of robbery and piracy, as Whigs and Democrats, than as Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians. But the two great national parties, Whig and Democratic,—have in them the seeds of death, and the symptoms of their dissolution are unmistakable. The Northern sections cannot go far enough in support of slavery to please the South; the Southern will not go far enough in support of liberty to satisfy the North. The South must become more insolent and overbearing towards the North, in proportion as the North becomes more saturated with the spirit of liberty. The South shall refuse to support Northern candidates for office, unless such candidates are sworn beforehand to the support of slavery. The North shall not support candidates for office, unless they are pledged to the support of liberty. Inevitably, the politics of this country must, at no distant day, settle down into Northern and Southern parties, divided, not only by a political, but by a territorial boundary. The settled rancor and hostility of Northern politicians towards those of the South shall be deep, bitter and energetic, in proportion as their former sympathy had been mean and obsequious. The national political parties are daily growing weaker and weaker. The advancing spirit of liberty in the North shall sweep before it all political and religious ties between it and the South.

Much reliance is placed on the commercial and social ties that bind the North to the South. These are multitudinous and strong; but when the price of their continuance is seen to be that the entire North shall be a hunting-ground for slaveholders—that their kitchens, parlors, bed-rooms and nurseries shall be thrown open to the incursions of ruffian slave-catchers, and we ourselves become kidnappers and the supporters of slavery and the enemies of freedom, and that we must be fined and imprisoned as felons, if we defend ourselves, our families and friends against ruthless ruffians, these ties shall all be broken, as cobwebs before a tempest.

Slaveholders have presented the issue distinctly to the North—Make your laborers slaves, or we shall dissolve the Union. That moment which brings this issue home to the minds of the Northern laborers, settles the doom of this republic. Soon as the idea is fixed, as it shall be, that their enslavement must be the price of the Union, they shall spurn all alliance with those whose friendship is to be bought by such a price. Rather than become absolute slaves themselves, they will see the republic buried in ruins. Slaveholders are doing what they can to drive Northern laborers to embrace this distinct issue. Once embraced, it can never be eradicated from their minds. There it will be fixed, and be the watchword of revolution.

The recent Fugitive Slave Law, together with the atrocities perpetrated in its execution, and the use made of it by abolitionists to show up the insolent demands of the South upon the North, and the certain doom of the latter if it alides in the Union, is working mightily to facilitate the final result. Every fugitive seized and taken back, every man fined and imprisoned for aiding men to escape from slavery, and every effort made to prevent slaves from gaining their freedom, do but serve as arguments to alienate men's minds from this God-defying Union.

Thus saith the God of the oppressed, the God of justice and love: The religious, political, commercial and social ties that bind the Northern States of the American Republic to the car of slavery shall be broken before the anti-slavery movement, and the uprising of the spirit of liberty; preparatory to the coming of that great day of God Almighty, which shall be ushered in by the shout—The American Republic is fallen! God speak by me as truly as he ever spoke by man, and says—THIS UNION SHALL BE DISSOLVED.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

From the Wheeling (Va.) Weekly Luminary.

FREE NEGROES IN MARYLAND.

'Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.'

We suppose they intend this with some of the hot heads of the present age. There are some 70,000 free negroes in the State of Maryland, and they are accumulating so rapidly as to excite the alarm of the Convention now assembled for remodelling the Constitution. A provision will be incorporated looking to their ultimate expulsion from the State, whether they are willing or not. This precaution is deemed necessary, because the abolition agitation increases the danger of insurrection, &c. In the event of their expulsion from the State, it is calculated that they must be an annoyance to the abolitionists of the free States, and they will be punished for their interference. But the free States are already banishing the free negroes, and should the slave States adopt this policy, it will produce the same action in the free States. What, then, must be the result? Force them to Africa at their own cost—expatriate them! Now, who are these free negroes, and whence come they? They are the offspring of the institution called slavery. They, or their ancestors, were slaves, and worked long and hard for their masters. Many of them bought their freedom, others were set free by will and donation; and many were born free. No one doubts their freedom. They are the mere creatures of circumstances; their liberty has been acquired and maintained under peculiar disabilities. The abolitionists did not set them free—could not; if they had done it, the slaves, thus free, could not remain in the State. Her own citizens have done this work, at their own option. Some of the negroes paid the market value of themselves to their masters, and, with a great sum, they purchased the limited blessings they now enjoy. They came into the possession of these privileges under the constitution and laws of Maryland; they have been protected in them by those laws, and we do not hesitate to say, that any law now passed, or passed hereafter, expatriating them, is *ex post facto* in its essence, and unconstitutional, and can never be enforced without a violation of that document, and trampling under foot justice and humanity. If they are willing to go, let them go; or send them; but no law should ever pass expelling them from the State. Such acts and dispositions only tend to widen the breach between the North and the South.